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Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 107.)

CHAPTER XI.

From Paris to Berlin.—Dresden.—Naumann and Himmel.—A feast "to be eaten."—Old scenes and friends in Bohemia.—Warm welcome home in Vienna.—Accepts a diplomatic appointment.—Munich; G.'s symphonies ascribed to Haydn.—Meets Kieseletter on the Rhine.—The artist's pride wounded; returns to Vienna and becomes Kapellmeister.

At length came the catastrophe which ended the career of Louis XVI. Learning the King's condemnation—he was executed January 21, 1793. Gyrowetz hastened his departure from Paris, leaving on the 5th of January, and going via Brussels, Venlo, and the Duchy of Cleve, all the usual routes being closed by hostile armies. He reached the Rhine opposite Wesel, which was at that time the headquarters of the Prussian army, and was set over the river, amidst floating ice—a dangerous passage for which he had to pay well. At supper, in one of the first hotels, he met a large number of officers of the higher ranks; among them Blücher, with whom he afterwards "had the honor to converse." At table the stranger was asked as to his name, object of his journey, and the like.

At the name, Gyrowetz, one of the officers sprang from his seat, embraced him—in true German style—and told him that he preferred his sonatas and nocturnes to all other music, and that they had given endless pleasure; closing with a pressing invitation to come and spend some days on his estate in the neighborhood with him and his family. The composer was, however, in too much haste to see his home once more, to accept the flattering invitation.

The journey to Berlin was made in his own hired vehicle, with a poor fellow of a Jew for a travelling companion, whom he took with him out of pity, but who made himself of great service on the way, and of whom the old gentleman says, "he showed a great deal of honesty," as though that was a rare thing among his race! The old prejudice!—less strong now than formerly—which gives one the hope that an equally wicked and absurd prejudice against the African race in our country may in time be overcome. At Halberstadt, where they arrived exactly at one o'clock P. M., they were told that dinner was over, and all they could obtain to eat was hard black bread and cheese. In Magdeburg next day they obtained a dinner, and Gyrowetz saw three French generals—prisoners—taking a walk upon the walls. Two of them were Dumouriez and Lafayette!

There is little of interest in the reminiscences of Berlin, to any one but Gyrowetz himself—for whom they had much, his path there also being strewn with roses. He heard *Don Juan* so wretchedly given as to be generally hissed. He visited a school where boys were taught to sing, who sang choruses and songs in the streets, and

thus gained the means of support. He found that, while they learned to sing with much correctness of intonation, and effectively together, they had to go through a special course to develop the voice and the higher qualities, so as to fit them for the stage or the church.

In Dresden, the day after his arrival, he was the guest of Kapellmeister Naumann ["Sons of Zion come before him," in the old Handel and Haydn Collection, is a piece arranged from Naumann], where he met, at the excellent table, Kapellmeister Himmel, (not Hummel) of Berlin. Of course the grand topic was music. Naumann expressed himself in regard to instrumental accompaniments, thus: Loud accompaniments should be avoided, otherwise the singer must exert himself too much to be heard, and the melody be so overwhelmed as to make the effect stunning and confused, rather than attractive and pleasing; and that is the reason why singers nowadays lose their voices so much earlier than formerly. In church music the themes and figures should not be so frivolous and theatrical, as was the mode, but the composer ought to seek thoughts which should be modest and elevating to the soul of the listener—such as suit devotion.

Himmel joined himself to Gyrowetz as they left the house, complained of the dinner, and told his companion to come to him next day, and he should have a far better one. The latter, apologizing for intruding upon his hospitality, accepted, and was taken by Himmel at the appointed time to the Casino, then the most famous eating house in Dresden. The dinner was superb, the wines excellent, and champagne was not wanting. Gyrowetz was delighted, and warmly thanked his host for such noble hospitality. As they were leaving the table, the bill was presented to Himmel, who had ordered every thing, but he coolly turned the waiter over to the thunderstruck Gyrowetz—"The gentleman would settle it!" and so he did; Himmel had no money, and Gyrowetz had to pay! "What a fine invitation!!!" says the old gentleman. He remained some days in Dresden, but before leaving, there came to him a breastpin set with small diamonds, from Berlin, sent by Himmel, which in part made up for the expenses of his dining out.

There is nothing of much interest in his recollections of Prague, whither he journeyed next. Some of his old acquaintances received him with marked attention; some told him to come again, which he would not do, "for that was not his custom, nor did he come thither begging."

From Prague he went to Budweis, where he found his old mother, his eldest brother, a brother-in-law, and some other relations still alive, and who all did their best to make the visit a happy one. Among the persons mentioned in his reminiscences of this visit, is a Count Gavriani, who took the composer one day over to Chulmetz, to visit Count Fünfkirchen, in whose service he had begun life as secretary, and in whose chateau he had composed his first symphonies, serenades and other pieces, and had been so much encouraged

to go on with his attempts, by the fact that he could try each new piece at once, and discover its excellences and defects. He went up into the chamber which was once his, and where he had begun those symphonies, with Joseph Haydn's for his model, by the imitation of which he had broken out his own path—a path which had happily conducted to success, and brought him a good reputation. He remembered there, how often, while engaged in composition, he had been so overcome by his feelings, as to weep and sob; and that to such a degree, as to be heard outside his room, and people would come to see what was the matter with him. At dinner he was placed next the Countess, and had to give the story of his travels to the company. And so passed the day, and he returned to Budweis in great happiness.

The state of music in Budweis in 1793 does not much concern us in 1863, and the remarks upon it may pass. A visit of some days to the Count of Bouquois, where he was treated as the equal of the family, and where music filled up the evenings, was in its results important to Gyrowetz, since he was there introduced to Count Sickingen, who, on learning that the young man was going to Vienna, told him to call upon him there and he would see to his advancement.

In Vienna he found every thing to gratify him in the reception he met from old friends, and the kindness of new ones. The publishers were all ready to pay well for his compositions, which consisted of sonatas, twelve *nocturnes* for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, and many German and Italian songs and duets, which sold well and some of which became popular also in Italy.

Esterhazy gave him an order for three masses, a vesper service and a *Te Deum laudamus*, which, when finished, were tried with full orchestra in a large saloon, and gained him great credit. Van Swieten was one of the guests, and was pleased to take the composer by the hand and express his satisfaction; and Van Swieten was an authority in Vienna in those days. He had been the friend of Mozart, and now petted the young Beethoven, which remark is not made, however, by Gyrowetz. The Vespers were produced at the Michael church, by Kapellmeister Weinkopf and the masses were occasionally to be heard in Austrian churches for fifty years at least after their first production. Esterhazy invited their composer to Eisenstadt, where he was treated with great distinction during his three days' stay.

On calling upon Count Sickingen, afterwards, he was received very cordially, and in the course of the conversation was pretty thoroughly examined as to the education he had received. The fact that he had studied jurisprudence in Prague, and was now able to converse in German, Bohemian, Latin, Italian, French and English, made such an impression upon the Count, that he inquired if Gyrowetz would like to enter the imperial civil service?

This was an opportunity by no means to be

despised by a young man with no resources but musical composition, and he declared his willingness to accept a position. A few days later Sickingen was appointed to some kind of diplomatic position in the main Austrian army, then lying on the Rhine, under command of archduke Albert, and two secretaries allowed him. He immediately appointed Gyrowetz his corresponding secretary. For some time still they remained in Vienna, and the Secretary found his duties pleasant and not overburdensome, and had time to earn a handsome addition to his salary by composing sonatas and nocturnes.

Sickingen was then ordered to Munich, where he remained three months, and where Gyrowetz had the satisfaction of hearing his own symphonies in the palace of the Elector, and of seeing that they were favorites with his Transparency. One evening in the theatre he heard one of his early symphonies exceedingly well executed, by the superb orchestra led by Ecker. Supposing Ecker had chosen it to give him a pleasant surprise, he sought him out at close of the performance, and expressed his gratitude for a pleasure so unexpected. Ecker, was at first a good deal confused, but, begging his pardon, assured Gyrowetz that it was one of Haydn's symphonies. On demanding and receiving the score, sure enough it did bear the name of Haydn—it was one of the three sold by Tost in Paris, and there printed. Ecker on hearing the story, complimented the composer, and assured him that this piece was so much a favorite, both with the Elector and the public, as to be often performed.

As business increased, and with it cares and labors, Sickingen grew petulant and exacting; and his secretary, who found his labors, though hard and constant, pleasant and intellectually profitable, was often ill able to bear with patience the whims of his employer.

At the termination of the three months in Munich, Sickingen went to Schwetzingen, to the army. Here Gyrowetz became acquainted with Sartorius, and Kiesewetter, in after years an industrious and valuable writer on music, (whose works are in great part, if my memory serves, in the Boston Library), and other gentlemen connected with the military councils. At Schwetzingen there is a fine garden on the banks of the Rhine, from which he often saw the French pickets on the opposite side, waving their handkerchiefs to the Austrians, and carrying on all sorts of jokes and fun with them. Here he used to meet Kiesewetter, walking about playing the flute, of which instrument he was a master.

Business here increased to such a degree, that the Secretary had often to work the night through, and was at all times liable to be called from his bed, to copy and write despatches, all which he would have borne uncomplainingly, had not Sickingen's treatment of him begun to grow intolerable. On one occasion, he shut out all his officials from his table, because a Prince of Württemberg was a guest, which caused great dissatisfaction. As to Gyrowetz, he could finally bear it no longer, and one day took the post and went off to Mannheim. Sickingen could not do without him, and went himself to find and persuade him to return. The difficulties were smoothed over for a time, but only for a time. Gyrowetz could not endure his position, resigned it, and, to save appearances, was sent as bearer of despatches to Vienna, where he expected to receive a position in one of the public offices. While

awaiting his appointment, he employed himself in preparing and publishing sonatas and quartets, which attracted the attention of Baron Braun, then at the head of the Court Theatres, and led him to offer the composer a position as one of the imperial Kapellmeisters. This offer was the cause of much perplexity to Gyrowetz. Should he remain in the civil service, or devote himself to art? There was much to be said on both sides; but at length, with the advice of friends, he accepted the offer of Braun, and received the appointment.

The conditions were, in short, these; he bound himself to compose an opera and a ballet annually, and to take charge of their rehearsals. Whatever else he should compose he was to receive extra pay for. He must also be present at all operatic performances, to see that no faults of omission or commission occurred, and in case of any, he was to report them. He was subject to no person but Baron Braun, though Weigl, first Kapellmeister, outranked him—a cause of considerable trouble at first, but which was happily overcome.

His salary was, for the first two years, 1000 florins = \$500. The third year 1200fl. After five years 1500fl., and at the end of ten years 2000fl. per annum, for life.

This contract was made in 1804, and the increase of salary took place, according to it, in the third and sixth year of his service; but when the eleventh year came round, he was asked to wait until the finances of the theatres were in a better condition. Meantime the contracts, owing to the various changes in the management, had been lost, and finally, poor Gyrowetz was unable to bring any documentary evidence that the 2000 florins per annum, for life, had been secured to him. Years afterwards, however, when Ferdinand had become Emperor, he allowed the chapelmaster, now growing old, an annual gratuity, for which, however, he had to hand in a petition every year.

(To be Continued.)

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

(From the second volume of his correspondence just published.)

TO "CONCERTMEISTER" FERDINAND DAVID, IN LEIPSIK.

BERLIN, the 30th July, 1835.

DEAR DAVID,—Many thanks for your letter, by which you have afforded me much pleasure. I have been turning the matter over in my mind here, and I think that it was really too much good fortune for us two to have come together, and that one had not to reside here and the other somewhere else, without learning much from each other, as it, no doubt, falls to the lot of many a good fellow to do, in our dear, and somewhat detestable, fatherland; on thinking farther, however, I came to the conclusion that there are not many musicians like you, men who pursue incessantly such a broad, straight path in art, and in whose whole proceedings I could take such profound delight as in yours. Such things are never said verbally, therefore, let me write to-day and tell you how your rapid development, during the last few years, has surprised and delighted me; one feels, at times, inclined to be disheartened on seeing so many men of no talent, aspiring to a high aim; and so many men with talent, aspiring after a mean one; consequently, really high talent, united to the proper intentions, is doubly refreshing. With the first-class the place here seems to be swarming; I have been obliged to include in it nearly all the young musicians, a few only excepted, who have visited me; they like and praise Gluck and Handel, and everything that is good, and always speak of it, and yet what they write is thoroughly worthless and wearisome; of the second-class, the examples are everywhere. As I have said, in the midst of all this, the mere thought of you is cheering, and may heaven allow us to succeed in giving utterance more and more to our wishes and our inmost thoughts, and in maintaining and not suffering to perish whatever is dear and holy to us in Art. You have, beyond a doubt, a great many novelties which you are preparing for the winter; I shall be heartily pleased to hear them. I have completed my third quartet in D major, and like it very much—I only hope it may please you as well! I almost really believe it will, for it is more spirited, and, for the executants also, more

thankful than the others, I fancy. I think I shall begin, in a day or two, to write down my symphony, and, in a short time, to finish it, probably here. I should like, also, to compose you a violin concerto for the winter; one in E minor sticks in my head, and the commencement of it leaves me no peace. My symphony shall certainly be as good as I can make it; but whether popular, whether adapted for street-organs, that is something I do not know; I feel that, with every fresh piece, I am getting more and more into the way of learning how to write exactly as my heart feels; and that, after all, is the only standard with which I am acquainted. If I am not made for popularity, I will not gain it by study or effort; or, if you think that wrong, I will say rather I CAN NOT gain it by study. Really, I cannot, and should not like to be able to do so. Whatever proceeds from within, gratifies me, even in its outward effect; and, therefore, I should prize very highly an opportunity of pleasing you and my friends by fulfilling the wish you express—but I can really do nothing of the kind. In my way through life much has fallen to my lot, without my thinking of it, and without my deviating from my course, and the same may, perhaps, be the case now—if not, I will not grumble, but console myself with having done, to the best of my power and judgment, what I could. You take an interest in, and derive some delight from my things, and so do some kind friends: a man should hardly wish for more. Receive a thousand thanks for your good kind words, and for all the friendly things you say unto me!—Yours,

FELIX M. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Twilight Fantasies.

A GREAT-ORGAN PRELUDE.

I sat in the Music Hall as evening was coming on. The gray semicircles above grew opaque like porcelain. The light shimmered faintly along the gilded edges of panel and pilaster. Shadows crouched under the light balconies, and then, growing bolder, stole out to meet each other. The sombre magnificence of the organ was not wholly shrouded, although glooms hung over its towers and angel-peopled pinnacles, and its sculptured figures would have been only vague forms, had not my eyes so often followed their exquisite outlines that vision was unnecessary to recall them. I had frequently seen this stupendous work by daylight, had scrutinized in detail the caryatides, lions, griffins, seraphs, singers, the urns, wreaths, busts, viols, masks, and all the ornaments that encrust the front; and now, as from a seat at the foot of the Apollo I could view the whole pile in a single glance, the grand design absorbed every separate feature, subordinated all its various lines, and grouped all its beauties into one splendid constellation. One might almost imagine that the

"fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

No sound from the outer world broke upon the perfect stillness within. As I gazed, the divine sense of symmetry, the sense on which Euclid, Copernicus, Newton, Bach, rested, filled me with measureless content. Fainter grew the light; the semicircles above were almost indistinguishable. The organ wore now a dusky, awful front, with only the vague surmise of a line of light along the polished surface of each enormous metal tube. No organist had yet touched the keys. The pomp of Handel's immortal choruses, the oceanic ebb and flow of Bach's themes, the spiritual beauty of Mendelssohn's sonatas, and the all-comprehending majesty of Beethoven, were yet to come. If it were possible now to evoke the spirits of the mighty dead!—to command the Hallelujah Chorus played by its inspired author and sung by choirs of angels!—to bring up all that man has imagined in his most exalted moods, and display the celestial beauty of music free from the imperfections of mortality! I listened, almost expecting a breath from the distant forest of pipes. The silence tingled, throbbed, palpitated. Was it a voice that floated over the dark space to where I sat? Were there sounds from

"airy tongues that syllable men's names"?

These were, indeed, as it seemed to me, audible voices, confused and multitudinous, and mingled now and then with notes of instruments, like the hurly-burly of an orchestral ante-room. No separate word could be recognized, nor any strain of music; but the sound swelled and sank like the far off surges of the sea. When it came nearer strong and manly tones could be distinguished, blended with the softer notes of woman, the sweet prattle of childhood and distant "horns from elfland blowing." For some time I listened to the delightful medley; how long I know not, but can only remember that at length the vague murmurs subsided, as though repressed by a powerful voice that seemed to say:

"Silence, up aloft there! Silence you chatters! One at a time, or I will straighten myself up and topple you all over together!"

It was a voice that might have startled the Erymanthean boar.

A merry sound of laughter ran tinkling down from above, a cascade of melody, and after it, the sweetest of voices asked with provoking archness,

"And which of our two burly Dromios is so impatient? Would he be so naughty, and play Samson? O Hercules, can it be you! You shall go back to Omphale!"

"Yes, my Roman damsel, my pretty Cecilia, it is I," returned the thunderous voice. "My brother, hard-by, is only a dummy, but he has a brawny-shoulder, aye, and an arm! I am—tired—of—this," and there came a yawn as from a drowsy lion—"and I would like even to spin once more at Queen Omphale's feet. 'Lap me in soft Lydian airs' as one of those Britons has it, rather than crush me under this tower."

Here broke in another clear, resonant voice: "But if they would only finish their tortures and give us some music! How can I stand here patiently leaning on my lyre and hear the never-ending drawl of pipes, as Walcker turns the feather edges of sound backwards and forwards razor-wise!"

"What a philosopher our chorister is, to be sure," exclaimed a new and grave voice. "To think of reaching the end by overleaping the means! Life itself is mostly spent in preparation. The play which amuses for an hour cost the actors weeks of study, and taxed the brains of the author for months. The sweetness of Cecilia's song was born out of an agonizing struggle with fierce semitones and rebellious trills. The battle which in an hour settles the destiny of nations is a crisis for which all the elements of nature and all the powers of man were concentrated for a generation. But this dainty chorister of ours, who would reap where he has not sown, would gather where he has not strewed, cannot bear the 'feather edges of tone', and so, forsooth, we must have our registers unharmonized, our punch without sugar, our grapes unripened, our saws"—

"Bach!" screamed the female voice, "don't go on with those odious comparisons! My teeth stand on edge. You know how nervous I am. Even Constantia, our steadfast nun over there, drew in a sharp, thin breath."

"I spare your tender sensibilities, Cecilia, but what are the tortures of tuning and voicing pipes compared with what I shall suffer when once the work is done and the organ is given over to profane hands to be played upon!"

"Profane hands!" exclaimed several voices at once; and that which seemed to be the chorister's continued, "What do you mean by profane hands, Herr Bach? Do you consider it the chief end of man to play your fugues? Did Chaos precede you, and will the end of all things follow you?"

"Don't be unkind to Bach," said the sweet female voice, for although I love music like a girl singing true-love ballads by a brook and he like an astronomer contemplating the spherul harmonies, still I have a great regard for him, indeed I have. He is a glorious old fellow."

"Thank you, Cecilia," replied the grave voice.

"But," she added, "understand me: your organ music is very grand—sometimes a little tiresome, I think, though that, perhaps, is owing to my weak nature that cannot bear the strain of following an idea through a hundred changes and combinations, as in the terrible theorems of those mathematical Greeks. But you treat us singers abominably. You move us like chessmen, and pawns at that; we are bits of shining stone in your mosaic; we are just a flute or oboe added to your orchestra, just another pipe to your organ. And you write for the voice as though it had not a human soul behind it. Your airs are difficult enough, and require intellect to sing them properly, but there is no room for emotion, and the most gifted singer cannot breathe into them one particle of fervor. Melody and harmony revolve about a common centre, like a double star, till they are undistinguishable."

"Brava!" shouted the chorister.

"And I say 'Brava'!" said Bach. "I accept the illustration. Melody and harmony—complementary colors—revolving in eternal beauty together. If I combine forces and think lightly of individuals, does not every leader of orchestras and of armies? Even the great Creator, as he evolves harmony out of discord, does he not strictly subordinate the career of every human actor to His mighty plan?"

"Very well put," said the chorister, "if the human larynx were not a finer instrument than a wooden pipe. If you twist all your strands into one even chain of harmony, why make any difference in them?—why be at the trouble to give one part to a golden tenor, a luscious soprano, a rich basso, when an insensate tube will take up the treadmill theme and play 'tag' with the other parts just as well? Remember that the human voice is the human soul made audible, and it is little less than profanation to treat it as you have done."

"One other thing," said Cecilia, "I wish to suggest; perhaps 'tis a woman's reason, but I believe it moves men just as strongly. You say, my old friend, that the Creator subordinates all actors to His plan. Very true, but then the Creator doesn't let each wayward and wilful creature know it. Each of us felt while in the world a personal freedom of thought and action that was almost godlike. That the Almighty moved us like troops in the dreadful game of war was true, but we thought we were free, nevertheless. But you, Bach, lose no opportunity of showing us singers your mastership. We feel the coils of your serpentine harmonies encircling and crushing us. Your accompaniments surround us, but only touch us in points, like the Punic nails that excoriated the too-honorable Regulus. I like to sing when the glorious fulness of harmony lifts me up, sustains me; then I have the sense of exaltation in song, as of a rider borne by a noble horse, as of a boatman rising on the green hills of ocean,—sometimes an awful joy as of a warrior moving on to the fierce clangor of battle. Look and see how your friend Haydn sustains a singer, (though your brain doubles his,) how the harmony swells and sparkles but never submerges, how the voice is raised up to an ecstasy! Ah, when I hum over his airs, after having been tangled up with your vermicular perplexities, I feel like an emancipated slave on a morning in spring. The sense of freedom, the joyousness of motion, the glory of brightness, the perfume of flowers, the myriad notes of birds, all possess me with an inexpressible delight."

"I don't wonder the Romans made you a martyr," interposed the chorister; you are so charmingly naive, so rustically enthusiastic, and therefore so fascinating, that, if the polite heathens had spared you, sooner or later you would have turned the augurs into preceptors, the temples into art-galleries, and made the Pontifex Maximus acknowledge you as a saint, on his bended knees."

A clear, silvery voice not heard hitherto, now spoke with a measured accent:

"The music of which the holy Cecilia speaks in such glowing words cannot surely be the music of the higher spheres; she must rather speak from the recollection of her emotions while still in the flesh. The souls that are purified from earthly passion feel none of the unquiet strivings that seem to tremble in the music of mortals. Bach, therefore, serene and self-possessed, reverent and grave, mindful always of the mighty Being to whom all homage is addressed, most fitly represents the composer of the Church, and was born, as I think, to bear the praises of a world up to the Eternal Throne."

"My placid Constantia," replied Cecilia, "you may be right, but it seems to me that others have more purely and more touchingly expressed the sentiment of prayer and adoration, whether of the solitary worshipper or of the multitude in a cathedral. To name no other work, think of the 'Elijah'! Is there not melody, harmony, beauty, devotion? Besides, Bach, as well as Handel, has interspersed long and meaningless roudades in his compositions, which on the score of fitness no one can defend. They are instrumental passages, tiresome to singers, inexpressive, suggested by a prevalent false taste, and will not only die themselves, but will carry into oblivion every work of which they make any large part. But I was thinking of music as living men and women hear and enjoy it, not as it is heard in the realms of the blessed. Here in this Hall we shall see crowds, not only of the common herd, but of the most educated and refined. All of them have bodies as well as souls, have blood instead of colorless ichor, have passions, hopes, fears, desires, aspirations. Their nerves thrill, their temples throb, their bosoms heave, their hearts beat. Here and there is a solitary philosopher, a calm admirer of Beauty and Order and the Fitness of Things; but for every one an hundred thousand emotional creatures who are blind to the Celestial Mechanics and deaf to the Harmonies of the Spheres."

"Let me add a word," said the chorister. The test of vitality in vocal music is that the undulatory sequence of tones contains a melodic idea apart from its accompaniment. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Il mio tesoro," "If with all your hearts," "In diesen heiligen Hallen," and every great, immortal melody for the voice, sings itself, and is not dependent upon its harmonies."

"You speak of my vocal compositions," said Bach, addressing himself to Cecilia, "according to the warmth of your Southern nature. But each nation as well as each individual has a characteristic mode of expressing feeling. In Germany I have often known tears of rapture to fall, as my organ led the devotions of the people; while they would have been only annoyed at the *Misereres* of your chapels. But, setting that aside, what have you to say about my organ pieces?"

"Let us ask the others," said Cecilia. "We have rather monopolized the conversation thus far. What say you, Hercules?"

"'Tis scarcely worth while to ask me," he answered like a *basso profundissimo*. "You know I'm an old-fashioned pagan. I have never given in to the new dynasty, and it is the first time I ever upheld anything like worship. But our solemn friend up there has plenty of strength, and is more of a giant in his way than I ever was. I shall feel every fibre in me shake when his youngest scholar begins to trip over the pedals. The other men you have been talking about are mostly thin fellows, I am told, not at all in my way. You should have heard our handsome friend Apollo, over there; he was great on the lyre before he took to killing snakes or had daubed his fingers with medicine. And such a way he had! Jupiter, how the girls followed him!"

"Well, and what say you, sister Constantia?"

"I think Bach's organ music is endless variety in unity, and in his fugues one may hear the always beginning, never ending song of the glorified, the 'forever and ever, Alleluia!'"

And you, my vivacious chorister?—though I warn you against a certain flippancy of speech. You know!"

"I will try to be respectful. If fugues are the alpha and omega of organ playing, then Bach has exhausted the subject, and there is nothing more for any one to do. But I hate fugues, as such I have heard passages in which the parts come grandly rolling in after each other like waves on the beach; and such passages may be properly introduced to vary and ennoble an organ composition. But a fugue composed with malice prepense,—one part starting off at a sober pace, followed at fixed intervals by another and another around the same circle—a wheel of fugacious porpoises, the awkward snout of one just touching the whisking tail of the other—can any thing be more monotonous!—after a time, I mean. One can bear it a while, even more, can be interested in its complexities, and wonder how the parts ever came together; but when this becomes fatiguing, when the noise redoubles,—deep calling unto deep—and the mixtures scream for mercy, while the unhappy melody is strangled like Laocoon,—what then? Who but clockmakers, or torture-loving inquisitors, or the pachydermata could abide it?"

"How patient you are, Bach," said Cecilia, "to hear these cruel comparisons unmoved!"

"It does not matter," he answered. "I can afford to be as unmoved as our grim neighbors, the Fates. Men are born what they are, and I suppose it is no more than truth to say that there are Bach-ists from the cradle. The chorister is not to blame for not understanding me."

"Precisely, my venerable friend," retorted the chorister, in a lively tone. "You have just hit it. Your music is for the mathematical, the reflective, the self-poised people,—those whose blood never rushes in turbulent streams to play pranks with their evenly-ticking brains; those who can construct cylinders, bristling with myriads of pins, every one of which will hit its predestined tinkler infallibly; those who can solve enigmas and decipher mysteries. These are the people that understand you, and the only ones that like you,—I mean, like you as a composer, for every one respects and admires a man of your prodigious power. You are, to some extent, the fashion, but you are not vain enough to suppose that all who affect to admire you are really able to grapple with any one of your learned, laborious, tormenting fugues. Now why cannot your sincere followers, the real esoteric circle, keep your worship for themselves, and not attempt to impose it upon the vast outside multitude of earnest music-lovers, who for various reasons do not and cannot care any thing about you?"

"And do you agree with this judgment, Cecilia?" asked Bach, gravely.

"Not wholly, although it has most of the elements of truth. I think, my friend Bach, that the interest which centres chiefly in ingenious construction or in learning is not likely to be lasting. A beautiful melody, like a beautiful statue, is for all time; but tastes in regard to harmonic modes and modulations change from age to age. And there can be no question but that in the main the change is for the better. It is so in Art, it is so in Literature, it is so in Social and Political Science. The world moves, my friend, and we must move with it. Besides, remember how the scope of the organ has altered since you touched a key! Think of its vast increase of power, of the new stops, the exquisite imitations of instruments, the quality of tone! Then consider the new mechanical appliances, the swell and diminuendo, and chiefly the pneumatic touch that gives to Psyche's dainty finger the same power with that of Hercules's iron hand.

What a new field is open to the composer as well as to the player! What could you do when you played? Only just what you did. You did not attempt a more brilliant style of music, for you had not the requisite stops, and no human muscles could long control the forces you did have, unassisted by the new invention."

"But you forget that the essential quality of the organ tone is still unchanged," said Bach. "You cannot produce concussion or crispness, nor any other quality on which the pianist prides himself. The legitimate style for the organ is unalterable; nothing else is possible, least of all the frivolity of dancing overtures. And when one of the 'moderns' shall sit down to make my giant caper,—like an elephant in a minuet,—I shall feel like toppling over upon his stupid head."

"You are right again, my venerable friend," said Cecilia. "Leave to the piano-forte all the lightsome gayeties and prettinesses, and let the majestic organ sound only what is worthy of itself."

"But," asked the chorister, "will not these new elements of power and beauty call forth a new genius to employ them? It may be long before a composer comes with an intellect so profound as that of the excellent man whom I like to abuse; but will not the happy hour come, when some inspired writer will give to the world organ music as new, as various, as beautiful, as immortal as Beethoven's symphonies? Mozart had written for orchestra before this stately bronze fellow. Mozart was master of construction, and his head was as full of melody as a hive of bees. But did Mozart exhaust the symphony and establish his own works for all time? On the contrary, the world is forgetting all but one or two of them as fast as it can, and Beethoven reigns supreme. Will there come a Beethoven for the organ?"

"Will there come—Will there—Who calls upon the oracle?" asked Hercules, sadly sleepy. "I never did much in that way (muttering), only a day or so at Dodona or Delphos when the *majoras* had an adventure in hand. Ask the Fates; they know. What say you, grim sisters! Is there to be any Beethoven for the organ? I hope so, for my part, and then they'll take away this hulking fellow who will stand in my light. What business has he in our way, I should like to know?"

"The oracles are dumb," said Cecilia. "Let us hope the Fates are kindly, although they have lost the power of prophecy."

"Sister Cecilia," said the gentle voice of the nun, "how you mix up truth and fable! I am afraid you were not purged from all heathenish dross."

"I love the Beautiful and the Good, sister Constantia, and I care not where I find them. But let us keep clear of this field of brambles, and call upon Beethoven for his opinion."

"Agreed!" "Excellent!" "Capital!" said several voices.

"Beethoven, most illustrious!" said the chorister. "Answer, great priest of music!" thundered Hercules.

"My great countryman, Beethoven!" said Bach.

"Beethoven, the all-revered, all beloved!" said Cecilia, persuasively.

"Beethoven!" called the boy-cherubs from the tower tops, and then sounded their horns.

"Beethoven! Beethoven!" all shouted in chorus.

"Call him louder. You all forget your idol is deaf," said the chorister.

Silvery peals of laughter rang. Voices arose in murmurs, gently and then louder. Words grew inarticulate and echoed confused through the space. Organ pipes sounded. Turmoil grew momentarily. There was a shock, a pause, a stillness, an illumination. I rubbed my eyes. Prudent Mr. Walcker was doing a little night work to be ready for the great "opening." It was nine o'clock, and I had slept two hours.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writes, Sept. 24:

Meyerbeer, I understand, is at length inclined to forego his repugnance, and to allow the long-talked-of *Africaine* to be produced at the Grand Opera. Some people think that Mdlle. Tietjens has been the cause of this sudden change in his resolution; and,

in fact, it is well known that the gratification which the great composer felt when he heard and saw her in the *Huguenots* surpassed all he expected. I myself think there is much truth in this rumor, although nothing is certain. The principal character in the *Africaine*, as you are aware, was written, or at all events, adapted, for Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli (Madame La Baronne Vigier), and when she retired from the stage, Meyerbeer was obliged to lay aside his opera for want of a heroine. For years he has waited patiently but anxiously, and no *prima donna* has been found in the most remote degree capable of sustaining the principal personage of his new work, until now, when Mdlle. Tietjens seems to have stepped on the boards of the Opera, as though on purpose that the long-deferred masterpiece of the greatest living dramatic composer should be given to the world. Mdlle. Tietjens is not re-engaged at the Grand Opera, but I feel certain will be if the lady be willing.

Of actual news I can find you little. The Opera goes on in its old-fashioned way, ringing the changes on the *Trouvère*, the *Huguenots*, *La Juive* and other well-used works in the operatic department, and *Diabolina* for the farewell performances of Mdlle. Mourawief, *Le Marché des Innocents* and *Le Diable à Quatre* in the ballet. Madame Penco, whose debuts at the Opera seem to have been most successful, is rehearsing the *Favorita*, and will subsequently appear in the *Trouvère* and *Huguenots*. Her performance of Valentine in Meyerbeer's opera will, I greatly fear, succeed too closely to that of Mdlle. Tietjens to be pleasant. A new ballet is in rehearsal for the debuts of Mdlle. Boschetti, and the *Moisè* of Rossini is in active preparation. The Italian Theatre will open with *Lucia* or *Rigoletto*, when the celebrated "malediction" tenor, Signor Fraschini, will make his first appearance at Paris. M. Bagier has engaged Mdlle. Lumley, a mezzo-contralto and contralto, for the Operas at Paris and Madrid. At the Theatre-Lyrique they are busying themselves with the rehearsal of Hector Berlioz's *Troycens*, to which the arrival of Madame Chardon-Demeure from Baden, crowned with the laurels she had recently won there, has given additional impetus. The utmost curiosity and interest are felt in all circles for Berlioz's opera—for Berlioz is popular with all grades of the community. It would be odd indeed if Hector did not succeed with the "Trojans," and before Paris too. There is something strangely coincidental in this combination of names. The greatest possible pains is being taken with the rehearsals. M. Gounod's new opera, too, is being rehearsed, so that the artists have their hands full, and all is bustle and eagerness behind the scenes.

England.

NORWICH FESTIVAL. The 14th "triennial meeting," (in aid, like all the English musical festivals, of certain respectable and well established charities) began on the 14th of September, and lasted five days, in St. Andrew's Hall, a church-like place in appearance, although not set apart for sacred uses.

Monday evening was devoted to Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, with Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley in the principal solos. There was an orchestra of ninety-three instruments, including sixty strings, and a chorus, mainly local, eked out by voices from the London and Cathedral choirs, of seventy-six trebles, sixty altos, sixty-four tenors and seventy-five basses. Mr. Benedict conducted.

Tuesday evening. The second performance was a miscellaneous concert with a vengeance—thirty pieces besides Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

Wednesday morning. Of the third programme the *London Musical World's* correspondent says:

In point of length, this morning's programme bears a strong family likeness to that of last night, comprising the new oratorio, *Joash*, a scene from Henry Leslie's *Immanuel*, a hash of Stabat, Haydn, Pergolesi and Rossini, as a contemporary wittily observes, "on the grocers' principle—"Try our mixed,"—something by "Thouless," whoever Thouless may be, and several other something of which more anon. Norwich has always been foremost among the festivals to produce novelties: Spohr's *Last Judgment*, *Cavalry*, and *Fall of Babylon*, to say nothing of Molière's *Abraham*, and Benedict's *Cantata*, having been at various times brought forward. Although the subject of Mr. Silas's oratorio—or rather sacred drama (to speak by the card)—is not quite new to your London readers, being the same as that of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, I append the argument.

A.C. 878.—THE ARGUMENT.

"Ahasiah, King of Judah, having been killed, his mother, Athaliah, seized upon the crown, and ordered every descendant of King David and her own grandchildren to be destroyed; but Joash, the infant son of the late king, was wonderfully preserved by Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, the sister of Athaliah, and wife of the High Priest, Jehoiada, who stole him from among the king's sons that were slain, and secretly hid him in the temple for six years, where he was brought up and educated by Jehoiada, unknown even to his mother Zebiah, who believed that her child had been murdered with the rest." 2 Kings xi, ver. 2 and 3.

"When Joash was seven years old, the High Priest, Jehoiada, informed the Levites that one of the royal house of David still lived, produced the child, and anointed him King, and the people clapped their hands, and said, God save the King." ver. 12.

"When Athaliah heard the noise of the guard and of the people, she was informed that her Jewish subjects were in a state of revolt, and went to the Temple to quell the tumult by her presence." ver. 13.

"And when she looked, behold the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was, and the princes and the trumpeters by the king, and all the people of the land rejoiced and blew with trumpets, and Athaliah rent her clothes, and cried, Treason, treason." ver. 14.

"But Jehoiada the Priest commanded the captains of the hundreds, the officers of the hosts, and said unto them, Have her forth without the ranges: and him that followeth her kill with the sword. For the priest had said, Let her not be slain in the house of the Lord." ver. 15.

"And they laid hands on her; and she went by the way which the horses came into the king's house; and there she was slain." ver. 16.

"And all the people of the land went into the house of Baal, and brake it down; his altars and his images brake they in pieces thoroughly, and slew Matthan the priest of Baal before the altar." ver. 18.

"And Jehoiada made a covenant between him, and between all the people, and between the King, that they should be the Lord's people." 2 Chron. xxiii, ver. 16."

The Sacred Drama of *Joash*, to be performed for the first time at this Festival, is not modelled after the Conventional or Conventicle fashion of Oratorio, nor has it been the intention of the Librettist or Composer to make sacred characters of Athaliah, or the Priests of Baal, whereby a greater contrast has been produced with the music allotted to the graver personages in the work.

THE CHARACTERS INTRODUCED ARE:

JEOIADA—High Priest of the Jews. (Bass).
MATTHAN—Priest of Baal. (Baritone).
ISHMAEL—Confidant of Jehoiada and Captain of the Levites. (Tenor).

JOASH—The Boy-King, last survivor of the root of Jesse. (Alto).

ZEBIAH—Mother of Joash. (Soprano).

ATHALIAH—Usurper of the throne of Judah. (Soprano).

Chorus of Levites, Priests of Baal, Soldiers, Pagan Maidens, and Jewish attendants.

As I have sat out nearly the whole performance (beginning before twelve and not terminating till after four), I must defer going into any particulars of Mr. Silas's work, and the absurd regulation forbidding any expression of feeling on the part of the audience, prevents my recording what effect *Joash* had upon its hearers. It must, therefore, be sufficient for present purposes to mention, that the principals, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer (for whose painfully apparent hoarseness a printed apology was circulated), Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss, one and all did their best for the sacred drama; and, should it not succeed in maintaining a place in public estimation, it will not be the fault of its original interpreters. Some of the choruses—(exceedingly ambitious, and by no means easy of execution)—would have been all the better for extra rehearsal, and, should it be my fate to hear *Joash* again, I hope that a more efficient representative of "Matthan" may be entrusted with the part. The jumble of "Stabata" was a mistake, and to begin with Rossini and finish with Haydn was at once an offence against chronology and good taste. Mdlle. Trebelli sang Miss Palmer's part with the exception of one quartet ("Virgo Virginum").

With *Joash* as a whole I regret to say that I am disappointed, as I had expected something better from a musician of Mr. Silas's experience. Ambitious in design, and in many points replete with difficulties, the music is generally labored, and, although every resource of the orchestra is employed, the result is ineffective. The instruments of percussion and heavy brass are made use of liberally, while the voices and executive powers of soloists and chorus

are taxed to the utmost, and with a result not always grateful to hearers or singers.

Wednesday evening another miscellaneous concert, with over thirty numbers, including Spohr's Symphony in D, numerous selections from Mozart's operas, and from young Arthur Sullivan's "Tempest" music, &c., &c.

Thursday morning was devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Thursday evening to another miscellaneous concert, in which the principal feature was a new Cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, by Benedict. In order to introduce a female character, the old legend of Richard was altered by the author of the words of the Cantata, as follows:

"On his return from the third Crusade, Richard Cœur de Lion was cast away near Aquila, on the Italian coast. This obliged him to travel through the dominions of Leopold of Austria, who was his bitter personal enemy, in consequence of a dispute which had taken place at the siege of Ptolemais, of Acre. His pilgrim's disguise was not sufficient to prevent his recognition and seizure in the neighborhood of Vienna. He was carried as a prisoner to the Castle of Durrenstein, on the Danube. The Emperor Henry VI., who was also a personal enemy of Richard, when he heard of this, demanded that he should be transferred to his custody, on the ground that he only had a right to keep a King-captive in his dominions. Thus he was brought to Trifels, tried at Haguenau before an assembly of German princes, and his ransom fixed at 150,000 marks of silver, about £300,000 of our present money, on payment of which he was liberated. In an age of romance, however, such a denouement was deemed unsatisfactory, and a legend was invented more consistent with the chivalrous character of the English King. He was found by his faithful minstrel Blondel, who had long sought him in vain by going the rounds of the castles of Germany. One day, Blondel found himself in the wild valley of Arnweiler, under Trifels, and expected from the extent of the works, that it must be an important place.

"So he went into the woods to reconnoitre, and in order to attract the country people about him, that he might question them, sang a song to his lute. He told the company of herdsmen that collected to hear him many a strange tale of foreign lands, and as he was talking, he saw that a maiden present hung on his words with marked attention whilst a shade of sadness passed by fits over her usually smiling face. He asked whether the castle was inhabited, and whether his music might not earn him a handsome welcome there.

"He was told that no one was suffered to approach the castle, since some distinguished prisoner was brought there one night; that it was strongly watched, and commanded by a seneschal reported incorruptible. Then he examined the fair maiden apart as to the cause of her sadness. She confessed she had heard a song similar to one of Blondel's at a window of the castle, and seen the outline of a noble form in the darkness; that, led by curiosity, she had gone to the place again, and had been seen by the prisoner, who spoke to her in friendly tones, and begged her to come again and gladden his loneliness with the sound of her sweet voice. Blondel then suspects that it is Richard, and the next evening is guided to the window by the shepherd-maid Matilda; sings part of a stave, to which Richard replies; gives notice to his men at arms, who are in ambush in the woods below the castle, who tie their horses to trees, bridge over the moat with timbers taken from the wood, beat down the gate, overpower the guard, and free Richard, who, when he has once a sword in his hand, easily effects the rest for himself.

"The place of his confinement was unknown to the other princes of Europe, but according to a legend long accepted as true, it was ultimately discovered by the King's minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, who wandered through many lands, playing one of Richard's favorite songs at every castle in his way, till at last he heard the welcome response of the royal captive. The story thus told affords no opportunity for the employment of the female voice, so the author of the words of the Cantata has ventured to represent that the Castellan had a daughter, who became violently enamored of the imprisoned King, but was ignorant of his rank. He has also assumed that the common German belief in supernatural "white ladies" extended to the castle, which is the scene of action in the story. Matilda, the Castellan's daughter, hearing the project of Blondel, promises to assist him in the liberation of Richard, and accordingly leads the way into the castle attired as the White Lady, who is the terror of the neighborhood. The guards fly in alarm, and the prisoner escapes, but there is no hap-

piness for Matilda. She has discovered at the interview between Blondel and his master, that the latter is the King of England, already blessed with a Queen, and she determines to pass the rest of her days in religious seclusion."

Of the performers and of the effect of the new work, the correspondent above quoted says:

The principal personages were thus represented: Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Santley; Blondel de Nesle, Mr. Sims Reeves; Urbain, a Page, Miss Palmer; Matilda, daughter of the Castellan, Mdlle. Tietjens. As I feared, Miss Palmer's singing in the morning had by no means improved her voice, and the hoarseness which had been already sufficiently evident, was more than ever painfully apparent, hence the music of the Page suffered proportionately. Mdlle. Tietjens, too, appeared somewhat husky, which is hardly to be wondered at, considering the enormous amount of fatigue she has undergone throughout a long and trying season, to say nothing of her recent performances at Paris (not to mention Worcester), and thus the by no means easy scena which introduces Matilda, although delivered with marvellous energy, did not procure all the effect of which it is capable. "En revanche," Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley sang nobly, the elegant and beautiful song of the former, "I wander in search of a treasure," and the no less charming air, "May is into prison cast," both creating an immense impression.

In the first scena of Richard, "My sight can pierce through prison walls" (where the usual arrangement is inverted, the slow movement following instead of preceding the allegro), Mr. Santley's superb voice and impassioned delivery evoked a furor of applause, and most deservedly so, for more magnificent singing was certainly never heard. Of the Cantata as a whole I can speak in terms of unqualified praise; indeed, it was only to be expected that Weber's most accomplished pupil would produce a work in every way worthy the composer of the *Gipsy's Warning*, *The Brides of Venice*, *The Crusaders* and *The Lily of Killarney*, by no means forgetting *Undine*, and if I do not like *Richard* quite as well as the last named, it is the fault of the subject rather than the treatment, inasmuch as the real is incapable of affording as much scope to the imagination as the ideal. The reception of the Cantata was enthusiastic.

The Festival ended on Friday with the "Messiah."

Whight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 17, 1863.

The Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall.

The long expected opening is announced. Six solid months of labor,—carpenters, riggers, painters, carvers, gas-men, basily and pleasantly coöperating with Herr organ-builder Walcker Junior and his four men from Würtemberg,—have slowly, thoroughly and surely, under the patient inspiration of a perfect plan, such as admits of nothing alighted, nothing less but rather all more than it seems, thus lifting the details of handicraft up to a dignity of ideal Art, at length put together, in all the wonderful complexity of the internal mechanizing and speaking parts, this latest masterpiece of organ-building skill, and housed them in with unique and becoming architectural grandeur. There stands the work, a structure so imposing, so full of matter to be studied out, of various meaning to be felt in various moods, and much only in the deepest mood, that it already looks as if it belonged to the ages, as if it had grown up with the whole history of Music and of Man.

And six months, after all, was not so very long a time for putting permanently in its place (besides almost preparing the place for it) a work which had already cost full seven years, a good Sabbatical period, in the conception and construction of its innumerable parts. Whoever saw the vast, bewildering chaos in that Hall, after this strange freight of the Dutch bark *Presto* was unpacked there, filling floor and corridors, while scaffolding and staging ran like spider webs all over

walls and ceiling;—and afterwards, when the organ proper, the internal works, had grown together so far as to require the body to be builded round all that it was and was to be, the farther and still stranger chaos of massive columns, arches, capitals, gigantic figures, human and semi-human, cherubs, muses, ornamental carvings of all kinds, that seemed to multiply as they were brought to light, like the loaves and fishes, and as if there were many times too many of them to find room in any possible structure that should fill the whole end of the Hall,—whoever had seen this could not but feel oppressed with a certain nervous fear that order and completeness never could come safely out of it. But “now Chaos ends, and Order fair prevails.” “Now”—presently, first Monday of next month—“the first of days appears.”

But there is still much to be done before the night of the Inauguration. Only by strong will and great exertions, can the mighty instrument be got ready to speak to us with all its voices at the early date which the heroic faith of builders and Directors has appointed. The delicate and patient work of tuning goes on, and must for weeks go on, all day long and far into the nights; from five to six thousand pipes are not to be taught their true pitch in a hurry. It can and will be done, however, if no accident occurs, and now all things appear to work together to that speedy consummation. The persevering, earnest work, the continual looking of difficulties in the face and grappling with them till they yielded, has brought the thing to that rewarding point where providential solutions of problem after problem are continually appearing in happy and unlooked for ways, where little mountains lift themselves aside, and hopeless blanks are filled by inspirations; when the right thought, the right word, the right man, the muse herself, comes at the right time, though not perhaps a moment sooner; and so there is a safe, a right artistic sort of feeling that all will go through, better even than we know how to desire. The night accordingly is fixed; the seats arranged and numbered; the invitation has gone out; thousands will respond to it, and eagerly pay the unusual, although really small price for the unique occasion, thereby adding their mite each to the Organ Fund, which, liberal as it was, must long ere this have shrunk within the measure of the requirements of so costly and so grand a work of Art, a work to stand for culture and for inspiration to this people. The programme, too, has shaped itself out of the elements and after the idea, essentially, which we have in a former article suggested; that is, the music, wholly of the Organ, will be significant of the occasion, representative of the great organ composers, with Bach at their head, and suggestive of future uses of the instrument; but of the details we may not yet speak. And providentially again, even the Ode, a task from which more than one poet, with too little faith, had turned away reluctantly, has come of itself, mysteriously, anonymously, a most happy inspiration (they say, who have read it), due only, until we know more, to the Organ; and Miss Charlotte Cushman cheerfully consents to come here and recite it. Thus nothing will be wanting.

All this is suddenly so near at hand, that we must now commence the task, however impossible it seems, of giving our readers some detailed description of the Organ, both of its outside and its

contents, both as it looks and as it works and sounds. The difficulty of all description has not grown less, but has kept fatally increasing as we have become more and more nearly acquainted with the instrument. Studying it part by part and watching the putting of the parts together, step by step, as the great thing grew and became a wondrous whole, was very interesting, to be sure,—almost as good as going to the mountains—and fraught with much instruction to oneself; but one may be so full of a thing, that telling of it becomes too formidable a task; and this is just now our case. Given the problem to describe a world, how would you set about it? And even if we limit a question to the world as it is to you, your world, you will not find it easier. But, hit or miss, we will begin and get through the best way we can, without much choosing of the way, for there is no knowing by what labyrinthine windings, doublings, crossings and digressions such a theme may lead us.

It is perhaps best, however, to begin where all begin who stand for the first time before the completed Organ; try to describe it as it looks, and go behind the curtain afterwards. We take our stand, we will suppose, in the upper balcony near the Apollo, and confront the Organ. We see what we have been accustomed to hear called, in our familiarity with smaller instruments, the “case” of the organ. But this is not one of those cases. An instrument, which in itself combines some 80 or 100 instruments (stops, registers), through all their compass, with nearly 6000 pipes or voices, with all the mechanism for reaching, breathing through and sounding each or all of these at will, for blending them in chords, combining them in larger groups and choirs, contrasting them in pitch, in characteristic quality or tone-color, and in power, for bidding each stop sing with individual expression, for weaving many parts in fugue-like webs of harmony; with its innumerable nicely adjusted little valves, those exact and noiseless little ushers at the door of each pipe to admit the wind, such only as has right of entrance; with its miles of nerves or cords of motion (“trackers”), which, branching off in groups in all directions, crossing each other like net work, turning many corners, to all parts of the instrument, impart the action from the finger on the keyboard to the little usher at the foot of every pipe; with its apparatus for collecting and condensing the wind in a vast reservoir, the airy basis of the whole tuneful fabric, and pouring it through trunks and channels toward all the wind-chests, through whose delicate and curious little chambers it is distributed, not in equal, but in just, in carefully proportioned *ratios*, to the throat of every tiniest or most monstrous singer; with all its curious contrivances for lightening the touch, swelling and diminishing the sound, rolling up a mountainous *Crescendo* of stop upon stop from a single, softest one to the full force of them all, &c., &c.—such an instrument is not to be put into a case, but, being built up in the grand proportions of a temple, it has its *house* built around it. The Germans call it *Orgel-gehäuse*, organ house, or housing. In a noble instance, like the present, where an artistic inspiration, a unity of idea, a sense of vital correspondence of the inward with the outward presides over and pervades all, the house or outward temple seems rather to have grown up with that which it both hides and reveals, to have risen in its symmetry

and grandeur to the music, heard by a fine inner sense, of the organ soul. Nor does the term *house* do sufficient justice to the beautiful design before us; it is in some sense the *body* of the Organ, the outward visible embodiment of its interiors;—not to be sure, like the animal or human body, itself composed of *organs*, but the body of the *idea* of the Organ, the shadowing forth, by correspondence, of its co-working inner parts and uses, the typifying of all its history and prophecy, as Music itself typifies the whole course and prophecy of Life.—But we have wandered away, we have got lost in the Organ. We come back to our friend in the balcony, and once more begin.

It is our first look: what do we see? Or what do we feel? For a few moments, it is hard to distinguish what we see from what we feel, the cause from the emotion (or in philosopher lingo, object from subject), just as to the new-born babe, or to couched eyes, all objects press upon the retina. What every one has felt on entering the Hall, undoubtedly we feel; a strange shock of surprise and wonder, mingled with a certain awe, at the massive grandeur, the great width and height, the boldness, the sombre shadowiness and glimmering brightness, mingled with an instantaneous sense of the symmetry, and a vague comprehension of the richness in detail, of something nearly filling the whole stage end of the Hall and completely filling us. We are at mid-height of it—of the mainmass, though parts soar higher. All of it above us shines with a pure, liquid silvery sheen, while all below frowns dark and massive, yet with shapes of beauty, faces gracious, stern or grotesque, glimpsing through the shades; a contrast and a complement like rugged shore and shining water, or like the world still in the arms of Night as day dawns, and Day triumphant shining onward from above. It tempts out all our faculties to search the whole front over, to read the parts and phases of a whole so quickening and commanding, to analyze it and then recombine it mentally, until we see all the details virtually in the whole, as clearly as when each arrested the eye singly. But first we note the materials of the great contrast; the lower half, in shadow, is in carved black walnut, massive, sombre, bold, exaggerated (in strict truth to nature) in some features, fixed, strong, Atlas-like and bent in slavery; the silvery sheen above is that of organ pipes, great, splendid ones, of burnished pure tin, grouped in towers, or ranged in gleaming fields, upheld at the sides at intervals by springing shafts and pilasters, clipped round above by a floating ribband outline (all of black walnut), that undulates across the whole upper front, while domes and figures, shooting upward almost to the ceiling, crown the towers: all graceful, airy, light, *free*, winged, heavenward.

Now, if we ask the size of the great structure, it is about 50 feet in width. In depth the two projecting central towers come forward 18 feet upon the stage, the wings falling back towards two smaller end towers, making an average depth of 12 feet; but furthermore, the recess behind the stage, which held the old organ and had room to spare, is also filled by the great wind works and the Swell department of the Organ, an area full 10 feet square. In height, from platform to the summits of the towers, it measures 60 feet, while the wind works and their machinery behind go far below the platform. (The full height of the Hall, from floor to ceiling, is 65 feet, its

full width 78, and its length 130). The weight of the Organ is from 60 to 70 tons.

Now to understand the symmetry, the bold beauty, the fascination of the front, we begin to note its general form and outline, the distribution of the parts, the balance and relation of the masses. We know no architectural technicalities, and know no art, no best way or order to present in words an image of what must be seen all at once, at least in picture, to be comprehended; but we may suggest things which will lead some to go and see for themselves. What stands out boldest, what strikes first, are two great towers each side of the centre, guarding the arched recess, within which gleam the white rows of the key-boards, and the bright knobs of the draw-stops, and where sits the organist—grandly sheltered and encompassed, grandly overlooked, as we shall see—will he not approach his task with noble pride and reverence! In the fore-front of the base of each tower, a colossal caryatid, a very Hercules in figure, with immense arms and swelling muscles, monstrous, Michel-Angelesque, exaggerated and yet true, uplifted, with the huge full-veined hands crossed over his old head, bent, with earnest, groaning face, beneath the weight of the heavy cornice, on which rest, with tapering feet, the smooth, shining columns of three giant pipes, belonging to the 32 feet sub-bass, and measuring from 16 to 18 inches in diameter. The two old giants differ only in the particular, that one has both hands under the folds of drapery that fall back from his head, while the other has one hand out. The horizontal line of their enormous elbows, boldly projecting, seems to put great, heavy, one might say Websterian eyebrows upon the Olympian front of the whole work, making it with might and grandeur. This personal giant, Hercules, or Atlas, (he reminds one of Schubert's song to Heine's words: "*Ich unglückseliger Atlas!*") Ah me, unfortunate Atlas! groaning under the weight of the whole world), is flanked on either corner by a caryatid with a lion's head, emblem also of strength, whose protruded breasts and dwindling herma figure downwards give to the whole base the outline of an immense lyre. From these giant bases of the two towers the dark lower front falls back with graceful curve, on each side, to a straight line and completes its width with two female caryatides, of the old classic or Egyptian style, which, flanked each pair by another looking off in profile from the end, form the support of a lighter end tower, of charming Campanile form, square and slender, formed by graceful, richly carved pilasters with Corinthian capitals, each sustaining two great shining pipes, one in front and one on the side or end. The faces of these six caryatid women are grandly Sybilline and bold, somewhat exaggerated (purposely) like all the emblems of the shadowy lower part. If you look closely, you will find that the "sisters three" at one end (to your left), are bitter cold and stern, "stony-eyed Fates," as our friend well has called them: while the other three have smiling, gracious, almost playful, witty faces. This may have been merely meant for quaintness and for contrast. But we may think of them as relentless Fates, and as appeased Eumenides, according to the old poetic mythology. When you go inside of the work you will discern a correspondence; the pipes of the "Great" organ, the more earnest part, are planted at the end where the stern ones keep watch, while at the other end the "Solo" organ, with its seductive fancy stops, resides.

The intervals between the towers are marked off into rich panels, filled with bas-reliefs of most elaborate carving, each of exquisite design and execution. They are mostly groups of musical instruments, masks, laurel wreaths, &c., depending from a lion's mouth overhead to almost your feet, as you stand before them, no two ground alike, and every instrument studied out and reproduced in all its individuality. At middle height in each group is enframed a tablet of black marble, bearing in gold letters the name of some great composer. Eight of these representative great names appear upon the front; in the central recess, each side of the organist, the names of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso; outside of the great towers those of Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Cherubini. BACH and BEETHOVEN speak for themselves bodily. The former, in a noble portrait bust, larger than life-size, looks out from the central window of his "huge house of the sounds," just at the foot of the pipes, surmounting the arch and triangular pediment above the key-boards (or *Claviatur*, as they are collectively called by the Germans.) There he presides, the Master, an inspiration, an example, or a warning to any organist who takes his seat there. Just in front of the centre, helping to seclude the player in desirable and fit impersonality, raised on a pedestal before the arch, on the front line of the giant tower bases, stands Crawford's statue of Beethoven, just in the fore-front and focus of all this grandeur and this beauty, and forming a still more complete, significant poetic whole with it, the rich golden bronze relieved, as it never has been before, against the sombre background, and the intense concentration of brain and intellect in the noble head and face, the regal earnestness and repose in the whole form and action of the figure, more than overcoming the disadvantage of mere mass, as seen between two giants. A king may walk between two huge gens d'armes, or elephants, and look none the less a king.

We would it were possible for us to describe the beauty of that central recess about the key-boards. You must step up to it, to feel the perfect beauty of its form and detail. Rich groups of flowers and instruments on each side, as before observed; decking the pilasters, which include the *Claviatur*—itself most curiously beautiful—a round-surfaced arch, which appears twisted together out of exquisitely carved acanthus leaves, crossed at intervals by broad bands of flat surface, well relieved against the foliage; looking out from the summit of the flowery arch, in bas-relief, a female head, with mouth wide open, singing. It has hardly so ideal, so reposeful and divine an expression as we would see there; but it has quaintness; it belongs still to the lower shadowy region, you observe, and has exaggeration; has a startled, wild Cassandra look. For heavenly peace, for Muses, for divinity and joy and freedom, for the realized aspirations, harmonies and final ends of history, we must look up to the realm of Light.

We have left ourselves no room to do it, but must break off here. We have one more opportunity before the Inauguration, when we hope not only to complete this poor description of the Organ house, but also to take the reader inside, and give some view of its musical resources, of its mechanism, with a *catalogue raisonné* of all its Stops, their powers and qualities.

Organ Opening in Bedford St.

Our columns have already contained a description of the Organ. Enough now, in our want of room, to place here the more precise statement which was printed on the invitations.

This large Organ, just completed by E. and G. G. Hook, of this city, for the First Church, Boston (Bedford Street), ranks in size among the largest in the city.

It is arranged in two parts, showing a beautiful stained-glass window in the centre.

The case is of Black Walnut, of Gothic design, harmonizing with the architecture of the Church, each division showing two gabled fronts, with pipes of burnished metal.

Great Manual.—Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Std.

Diapason Bass and Melodia, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Viola di Gamba, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Twelfth, 2 2/3 feet, 58 pipes. Fifteenth, 2 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 4 ranks, 232 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Swell Manual.—Bourdon Bass and Bourdon Treble, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Std. Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Violin, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 2 ranks, 116 pipes. Hautboy, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Choir Manual.—Open Diapason, 58 pipes. Std. Diapason Bass and Std. Diapason Treble, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Harmonic Flute, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Clarinet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Pedals. Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 27 pipes. Double Dulciana, 16 feet, 27 pipes.

Mechanical Movements.—Swell to Great Coupler. Choir to Great Coupler, sub octaves. Tremulant Sw. Swell to Choir Coupler, unison. Great to Pedale. Choir to Pedale. Pedale Check. Engine (Hydraulic). Swell to Choir Coupler, super octaves. Swell to Pedale. Bellows Signal.

The opening (on Tuesday evening) attracted a large crowd and was quite edifying. Messrs. LONG, WILLCOX and BANCROFT handled the organ with much skill and taste, and the singing by Miss HOUSTON and the Choir gave real pleasure. So did the Organ itself. It has great power for its size. All its stops are good; and some, the flute, the clarinet, the hautboy, are exquisitely voiced, and the two latter remarkably well discriminated. A tremulant in the Swell, (which affected a reed stop in Mr. Willcox's French piece) was singularly beautiful and not too much of it. The programme was:

1.—Dedictory Choral, "Ein Feste Burg." (Luther. B. J. Lang.—2.—a Glycerium. In E. Improvisations. Edward Batiste.) J. H. Willcox.—2.—Larghetto. (Spohr.) Old South Church Choir.—4.—Prelude and Fugue, in C. (Bach.) B. J. Lang.—5.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." (Handel.) Miss Houston.—6.—a Cantabile from Mendelssohn, b. Fugue. (Novello.) S. A. Bancroft.—7.—a Andante from Organ Sonata No. 6. (Mendelssohn.) b Fugue "Et vitam," from Mass in D. (Righini.) J. H. Willcox.—8. Benedictus and Gloria, from Second Mass. (Mozart.) Old South Church Choir.—9.—Flute Concerto, Allegro. (Rink.) B. J. Lang.—10.—"America." "Our Country 'tis of thee."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 2.—The musical season is fairly begun again, and if you wish, we shall be happy to drop you a line once in a while, as the man said to the fishes. The programme opened last week with a night of German Opera at the Academy of Music. Mr. Anschütz has a number of new artists in his troupe, and brought out *Der Freischütz* with much éclat, and to the delight of a very large audience. The Orchestra and chorus were particularly good.

Our "Philharmonic" began its Seventh Season with the first rehearsal last Wednesday afternoon. The "Academy" was brilliant with the beauty and fashion of our quiet and charming city; all more than pleased to have the delightful rehearsals resumed. (It is a fact that much flirting is done to the fascinating rhythm of the beautiful music, which so inspires the bright eyes of the fair listeners, that the result can't be helped. "Please do not converse during the music," is to be printed on the rehearsal programmes, and then we shall see—what we shall see.)

The orchestra as usual numbers fifty, and comprises the best available talent, under the energetic leadership of Mr. NOLL, with Mr. THEODORE EISEL as Conductor of the Season. The following pieces were rehearsed:

Symphony in A minor, "Recollections of Scotland." Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Ruins of Athens," (first time). Beethoven.
Overture, "Jubel." Weber.

The Symphony is a great favorite here, and was performed during the season of 1861 with much acceptance. You, who know it so well, will agree with the good taste of the subscribers who wish to hear it again.

The first concert will take place the last Saturday evening of this month (the 31st.) with MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, vocalist; MR. HENRY APPEY, violinist; and MR. EBEN, flutist, as soloists. The subscription list is already larger than last year, and a brilliant season is anticipated. The directors have not raised the price of subscription (although the N. Y. society is up to \$6), and also continue to issue season tickets to the profession at \$3, which places this important privilege within the means of every student and lover of the divine art in our midst. Brooklyn is of itself a charming city, as aforesaid, but its possession of a permanent Philharmonic Society enhances it wonderfully as a place of residence to people of good taste.

We are to have Maretzek's Italian Opera every Thursday evening, beginning on the 14th with *Rigoletto*, Kellogg, Sulzer, Mazzolini, Barilli and Colletti

taking the parts. If it is as well done as at the N.Y. house, it will be sustained, not otherwise, as the failures of last season proved.

The "Park Theatre" is something new and pretty here. It has been open only a month. This week's attraction is the comic opera of "John of Paris." It has to go on two legs, however, as a *soprano* and *tenor* do all the singing. The "Park" orchestra is small, but is gallantly and understandingly led by Mr. I. M. Loretz, a young composer, organist and pianist, possessing much talent, and long a resident of Brooklyn.

Gottschalk is in New York, and has been quite ill of a fever, caused by loss of sleep, and anxiety attendant on the last illness of his brother. His concerts are therefore postponed.

A grand testimonial concert is in progress, to be given in New York, for the benefit of the family of the lamented Wollenhaupt. Poor Wollenhaupt, we saw the title of the very last effort of his musical pen to day at Pond's, and it is called the "Last Smile."

Many other little local items are in mind, but will keep for a while. We have written many indifferent gossiping musical letters in our day, and were last known in your paper as *Jem Baggs*. We like our first name better, and with your permission will hereafter be again a
SEVEN OCTAVE.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 10.—I am moved to send you a few lines about Piano Teachers and their Pupils by the appearance of a new book: "*The Art Principle and its Application to the Teaching of Music*." By ANNA JACKSON. Philadelphia: Frederick Leybold, 1863.

If there were no other reason to be thankful for the advent of October, the mere fact that its cool nights preclude open parlor windows would make it the most glorious of months. To be interrupted in some pleasing fancy, or awakened from delightful reverie, by music, is grateful when the music is good. If you like it, you can stop and listen. If not, you can go further.

This would answer in the winter. But how, during the warm evenings, when from every second window there gushes a melodic stream of what by itself were bad enough, but which, when heard at the same time with the strains issuing from neighboring houses, is ten thousand times worse? If you escape the young lady who sings "No one to love," in such style, that you at once conclude you have found some one to hate, you do not know what next awaits you. You can but flee from bad to worse.

It is long since I have found it worth my while to stop to listen to music. I could easily name the half dozen houses in our city whose musicians (amateurs, of course) deserve the honor. Walking home late at night, I have found, in front of such, a group of attentive listeners, who would get as near to closed shutters as they could, and stand, for an hour or two, trying to catch the sounds as they forced their way through. And, though the night was bitter cold, and the season midwinter, I have stood there too, uncharitable enough, at such times, to wish that the outside audiences might change places with certain of the in-door auditors, who, I am sure, would not have gone so far for the sake of hearing good music as we.

Now, if good players were plenty, if there were but one tolerable performer to every hundred pianos in this city of brotherly love, there would be about ninety-nine times as many good pianists as we now have.

And why are there so few who learn while there are so many who profess to teach? One reason is, that music is cultivated as an accomplishment, (using the word in its modern, society sense) as part of the outward gilding or lacquer necessary to shine in the world of fashion. For the same reason that they are taught to dance, many learn to play. It is for this that teachers have pupils entrusted to them; not because of talent or love of music. That such should either learn nothing or, at best, acquire mere manual dexterity, is not surprising. They start without the first requisite of the musician. They give themselves no trouble to acquire what a teacher, anxious to earn his reward, would willingly impart to them. If oth-

er reasons are sought, they can be found in the musical ignorance of most parents, and the false requirements of those who prescribe the fashionable music-treatment. And then, there is a great dearth of thorough teachers. Nine-tenths of the profession fall in with existing evils, and, instead of opposing, seek to find their reckoning in them.

While such a state of affairs obtains, art-development must, of necessity, be slow, since the music teacher is the only agent whose exertions can bring about the much desired improvement in the musical status of our people. To quote: "We urge then that the difficulties can be met only by the work of the teacher upon himself, and then, through him, upon his pupils and those influenced by them."

The music-teacher's life is certainly no pleasanter than it need be. Ask him or her, if an artist, and learn that it has more crosses and fewer pleasures than any other. Here the reader will say, "The old story. Every one thinks his fate worse than his neighbors." Perhaps the reader is right. For, if poets and musicians have sufferings unknown to the world, they also have joys of which the world is ignorant. But, then, they have nerves so delicate and sensitive, that one might think they lay bare, and watch lest, in their ignorance, every-day folks should inflict unheard of tortures.

There are rare individuals who, with poetic appreciation, innate love of art and that quickness of perception common to all artistic natures, unite the energy and the unflagging industry that alone achieve results. To have such for pupils, rewards the teacher for much drudgery. The hour with such is gladly extended. Its pleasures more than compensate for the disgust provoked by the musical cipher of the next hour, or the sadness caused by the indolent pupil, who, though gifted with a musical organization, lacks application, and would fain reach the pinnacle without climbing the rocks.

To Miss Anna Jackson, authoress of the little book before me, are due the thanks of the earnest of the profession, for a well-timed word on an all-important subject. Her suggestions are sensible; her hopes, such as all lovers of art would gladly see realized. Her work should be in the hands of every music teacher and every art student, until its truths become as part of his faith. Then, let him inculcate them by precept, and confirm them by his actions, as he loves truth and his art.

MILWAUKEE, OCT. 5.—Musical matters are very "quiet" at present, if we except the inevitable "Gift concerts" incident to the season. The first strictly musical entertainment of the Fall season, came off last week. The 122d Monthly Concert for members of the Musical Society, had an unusually large attendance, notwithstanding the disagreeable nature of the weather, (thermometer 90°), and was made the occasion of introducing upon the stage one or two new acquisitions of the society, who acquitted themselves with much credit. The concert opened with the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn. With a few exceptions, the entire orchestral force did their whole duty, in this as well as subsequent pieces, prominent among which was the Andante and Scherzo from Beethoven's Second Symphony.

Mr. E. NEYMANN, in former years an active member of the Society, having recently again taken up his abode among us, delighted the audience by singing Schubert's "Wanderer." I but express the apparently unanimous sentiment of the audience in hoping that the singer will again favor us with a song at the next concert of the Society.

A quartet by Mendelssohn, sung by Messrs. ABEL and NIEDECKERN, and Misses CAVANAGH and BARCOCK, was one of the most pleasant affairs of the evening, notwithstanding the timidity displayed by the ladies, who made their debut, and received an enthusiastic encore. An aria and chorus from "St. Paul" were finely executed, but did not receive much attention, although the words were sung in the English language. The male chorus "On the Rhine," by Kücken, deserves especial mention. The various nice shades of the composition were well rendered, and pleased the audience very much. On the whole, the concert furnished another proof of the ability of Prof. ABEL, the Society's Director, in his unceasing labors for the success of classic music in this busy city.
TENOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Beauties of Petrella's opera, IONE.
Brindisi, Sing ye who will. (Canta chi vuole). 25
Romance. Lonely and orphaned (Abbandonata, ed orfano). 25
Duett. Go, be faithful. (Vanne, e serba geloso) 25
Cavatine. Now shines with clear and dazzling light. (Nel sol, quand' e' piu splendido).
Song. Behold, where Glaucus bows. (E la rapita in estasi).
Duett. On the banks of fair Ilisso. (Dell' Ilisso sul le sponde).
Romance. Ione, now a sad farewell. (O Ione, di quest anima). 25

The opera Ione has been one of the recent "sensations" in Europe, and will, probably, be extensively given, during the coming season, in America. The scene is laid in Pompell, the time commencing a few days before the destruction of that place. The Brindisi, or drinking song, sung by Glaucus in the tavern of Burbo, and the last romance, "Ione, now a sad farewell," also sung by Glaucus, are fine tenor or baritone songs. The second piece, sung by the rescued slave Nidia, the Cavatine by Ione, indeed all, are of a high order, and amateurs would do well to get the pieces, in anticipation of hearing them in public performance.

Instrumental Music.

- Gen. Gilmore's grand march. A. Baumbach. 35
A very brilliant composition, and not difficult.
Cottage Waltz. For Guitar. F. A. Wurm. 25
Cousin et Cousine (Two Cousins). Schottische Elegante. J. Egghard. 40

This piece with a neat name, will be found to be elegant and pleasing.

- Vier Clavierstücke. (Four piano pieces). Otto Dresel. 75

Mr. D's scrupulous delicacy of taste will not allow a composition, even his own, to be performed or published, unless it is of a high order.

- The "Slumber Song," (Schlummerlied), is most exquisite.

Books.

- FIVE THOUSAND MUSICAL TERMS.—A complete dictionary of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, German, Spanish, English, and other Words, Phrases and Signs used in music. By John S. Adams. 50

As the teaching and playing season has again commenced, those who have not purchased the above very useful work, will now have an opportunity. That person must be an accomplished linguist indeed, who can understand all the terms in use in music books. Open this dictionary almost anywhere, and you will see about half a dozen terms which you never saw before, but any one of which you may meet in the next book on music you read, or the next foreign piece you play.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

